Iouin your daughter.
Qu. There is no other waie
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
King Saie that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbids.
King Saie she shalbe a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King Saie I will loue her euerlastinglie.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last.
King Sweetlie inforce vnto her faire lyues end.
Qu. But how long farely shall her sweet life last?
King So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King Saie I her soueraign am her subiect loue.
Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraintie.
King Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainlie told.
King Then in plaine termes tell her my loving tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.
King Madame your reasons are too shallow & too quicke
Qu. O no my reasons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
King Harpe not on that string Madam that is past.
Qu. Harpe on it still shall I till hart strings breake.
King Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.
Qu. Prophand, dishonerd, and the third vsurped.
King I sweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophand hath lost his holie honor,
The Garter blemisht pawnd his knightlie vertue,
The crown vsurpt disgract his kinglie dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.
King Now by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King My

King. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that dishonord.
King. Then by my selfe.
Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misusest.
King. Whie, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is most of all,
If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now, two tender plaie-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe, haue manie teares to wash,
Hereafter time, for time, by the past wrongd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughterd,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whose children thou hast butcherd,
Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast,
Misused, eare vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Dayè yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure heartes loue,
Immaculate deuocion, holie thoughtes,
I tender not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
In her consistes my happines and thine,
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her selfe, and manie a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auoided but by this,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[4]) Octavo